

The Snow Country Hunting Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife 北欧貴族と猛禽妻の雪国狩 り暮らし

Short Story

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Chapter 1 - 『Richelle's Soliloquoy』

Ritchan married.

The wife is Sieglinde-chan, a beautiful red-haired lady.

After Ritchan introduced her to me, when I asked, “Can I call you Linde-chan?” the way she replied shyly was very cute.

The way Linde-chan was looking at Ritchan was very kind, so I ended up feeling relieved.

I wonder if I'm just imagining it if I say that the two of them look more like a friendly older sister and a younger brother than wife and husband? I wonder if I'm thinking that because Linde-chan is older?

I recall Ritchan wanting an older sister when he was little.

It was very hard to say, “an older sister isn't possible,” to Ritchan who was pleading hard. At the same time, I ended up remembering Ritchan's sad expression.

He was a spoiled child and easily got lonely, so it would have been nice if he had a kind older sister, I remember talking about such a dreamy thing before.

Thinking about that, I really felt sorry for leaving him alone for ten years. He must have been very lonely and insecure.

However, I was worried about my husband Lukas-san.

After father passed away, he said that his work is finished and that he would be going on a trip. However, he had a face like a man going off to his death.

We were just going to have a short trip and return soon when his mood improved, but his emotional scar was deep and took long to heal.

To be honest, I did not have the courage to face Ritchan.

I thought that we would not be forgiven.

However, Ritchan forgave us.

Indeed, Linde-chan's presence must have been great, I could tell after seeing the two of them together.

I can't thank Linde-chan enough.

After returning to the village, we began a new life.

Lukas-san is ever the same, but I think he's been changing bit by bit.

I could tell that they were compromising so that he would grow an attachment to the village.

Returning after a decade, the criticisms at us were tough, but I knew that they were natural reactions.

I felt that it would be nice if it gradually softens.

A few months later, Ritchan, Linde-chan, and our new family member Arno-chan came back to the village.

I was so happy that tears came out.

Maybe because Arno-chan was born, Ritchan and Linde-chan's mood felt different.

From feeling like a kind older sister and a spoiled younger brother, they now felt more like a married couple pouring love to their child.

The new life was boisterous and was never without smiles.

Ritchan deeply loved his family and was happy. It really was a miraculous daily life.

In that life, a great change came.

Lukas-san returned to his homeland to present his research.

He said that he didn't want to go because Arno-chan was too cute. However, he was using state funds, so he had no say in the matter.

People from his home came so he had to leave the village.

When I told him that I'm staying in the village, he looked very shocked. However, he did not have the irresponsible and grim atmosphere like before.

Also, I could tell that he had an attachment to this village. Even if I'm not with him, I felt confident that he would return.

He's alright now. I don't have to worry about him anymore.

I could rest assured and send him off.

There's not much I can do, but this time for sure I need to support Ritchan and others.

A new life began like that.

Linde-chan is a hard worker, working diligently.

She's shy and reserved, but she is indeed a warm and wonderful person.

Ritchan is still bright and very healthy.

He's still the spoiled child though, maybe?

I accidentally stumbled upon him leaning against Linde-chan, so mummy apologised so many times.

Arno-chan was growing healthily.

I could see him growing into a handsome boy looking like Linde-chan.

Lukas-san started sending letters regularly. It seems like he can't bear it, being so curious about how the family is doing.

People can change, I thought happily.

Like that, we're living leisurely and peacefully every day.

I sincerely pray that we would be able to live happily without forgetting gratitude.

◇The End◇

Chapter 2 - 『Making Beer!』

I was at the table with my Parents, Sieg and Arno.

Everyone was talking with serious expressions. The topic was about this village's specialty.

Father noted that there were reindeer meat, many different kinds of berries and handicrafts like kuksas among many other things, yet there wasn't any food or good that could represent the place.

"For tourists, specialty goods are attractive, you see."

"I-I see."

Father's critique was sharp and accurate.

I've been working to try and increase the number of tourists, but they never increased to more than the year Sieg came here.

In hindsight, goods similar to things such as reindeer meat, berries and handicrafts are found in other nearby villages.

We started getting somewhere with the eagle symbol on the kuksas, but that didn't feel like much.

Then, what would be good? We gathered to discuss that.

I gathered up the village's produce I had in the house.

Reindeer meat, berry juice, jam, alcohol, handicrafts with eagle marks, linen, wooden bears, honey, documents on 'The Crimson Eagle', etc.

We couldn't really think of a bright idea.

"——Bear!"

Amidst the silence, Arno gave his opinion.

"Right, bears, that might be nice."

There's the mascot character Teoporon (?) so it might become the attraction of the village.

Maybe a corner called 'Meet White Bear-san' for children..... Well, there aren't many children coming here on tours though.

"So, in the end, we need something for adults....."

Sieg murmured something about alcohol.

There's berry wine in other villages and ours isn't much of a specialty that's different from others.

While I was pondering with a frown on my face, mother made a suggestion.

"Ritchan, how about honey beer?"

I see, beer!

If it's honey, it would be made into mead, but those are made easily in homes so they won't attract much attention.

Beer is nice and loved by both men and women. Moreover, 'honey beer' sounds pretty nice.

There shouldn't any problems with the honey, I thought. A lot was gathered just this year. Next year, I want to add more hives so that we could get more honey for selling and making alcohol.

"The problem is how to make it, but maybe the procedure is written in one of the books in grandfather's library?"

"Haru-kun, if it's beer, I can tell you how~"

I ended up getting surprised at father. He said that he only read it and hadn't actually made it, but that he clearly remembers the ingredients and the procedure.

What a dependable father. I was moved a bit.

“Beer, as its name suggests, is alcohol made using fermented barley, and the process is accelerated through adding sugar.”

The main ingredients are malted barley, hops, yeast, water and sugar. Other than hop, the ingredients for the drink can be gathered in this village.

Father told me that honey beer can be made by using honey instead of sugar.

“Why don’t we try making some samples. Dad, can you help me?”

“Yeah, alright~”

For now, the candidate for our special produce is decided.

If and when the honey beer is completed, I’m planning on using the white bear and honey mother drew for the packaging.



My first work together with father began.

“Malted barley is, like how it sounds, germinated barley~”

First, barley is soaked in water.

Even though it sprouts, it sounds like the appearance isn’t different from normal barley.

“As you can see, it’s not to be sprouted fully, but budding barely above the surface.”

“Hehh~”

It’s ready once the malted barley is slightly plump. If there are any roots protruding, they are removed.

After that, they are dried in sunlight.

Once the barley is completely dried, they are then toasted in pots. It seems like they are ready once cracking sounds are heard.

“Next, we smash the malted barley.”

The toasted barley are placed in a clean bag, then pounded using a board and a wooden stick.

After that, he told me that we have to boil them.

“We will mash the barley in a pot for a while, but be careful to not let the temperature drop.”

“Alright.”

Three hours after putting the barley in the pot. I sometimes stirred the stew so that it would boil well.

The finished thing is filtered using cloth then further squeezed with hotter water. This squeezed mixture is called wort.

Into this wort, hop for bitter flavour and honey for accelerating the process is added, then it's boiled.

The mixture and water is put into a disinfected bottle. Since it seems like they all need to be cooled, I drew some water from the well.

Once it cooled sufficiently, I put in some yeast.

A few hours later, there were foams forming. Looks like the process is properly going.

After a week, the foams stop, after which the liquid is poured into a different bottle.

Here, more honey is put in.

It is finished after about a month of leaving it in a dark place.

“Haru-kun, it's finally finished.”

“Yeah, that was long.....”

Summer was over, and the season was completely in autumn.

We took out the honey beer that was left in a cool place. First, father and I need to test it.

I wanted to check the shade, so I poured some into a transparent glass cup.

With fizzing sounds, small bubble popped.

I was imagining a beautiful amber shade, but the beer had an ochre shade, should I say? It had a really complicated shade.

“Ah~ it’s murky after all.”

“H-How come!?”

“Protein’s probably the reason why.”

“That can’t be~~”

It seems like an agent called carrageenan is needed. He said that it’s not sold in these areas.

“Carrageenan comes from seaweeds from southern countries~”

“I see.”

Well, the appearance doesn’t matter. What’s important is the taste.

I gulped from nervousness. Father was going to have the first taste.

“Mm!”

He had the usual carefree smile, so I couldn’t tell if it was good or not.

Looks like I need to check it myself.

I mustered up courage and took a sip.

“——Wah!”

After the beer passed down my throat, I let out a voice of surprise.

What should I say — it was very bitter.

“Looks like we used too much hop.”

“It’s cold, so the bitter taste is sharp…….”

However, there was a soft aftertaste of honey. A flowery scent lingered too.

This isn’t too bad. It was a taste that could be perfected after some effort.

Father put in some honey and lemon into the glass. After saying that it shouldn’t be as bitter, he handed me the drink.

“Ah, this is nice!”

Because there was additional honey, the taste was mild and it went well with the refreshing flavour of the lemon.

I gulped it down in a blink.

“Well, it needs improvement, though.”

“Still, this is very nice, dad.”

“Then that’s nice.”

After saying that, he smiled happily.

I wonder if this is father's real smile. I stared at him.



At night, Sieg tried some honey beer too.

After Arno was born, she didn't have much alcohol, so this will be a drinking party after a long time.

"So it's finally finished?"

"Yes, am I not amazing?"

I wanted to be complimented by her so I appealed how I did many things.

When I leaned against her shoulder, she stroked my head, saying, "You did well."

Yes, I'm trying my best every day for this.

And for my wife who is also working hard every day, I poured some honey beer for her.

"Would like some honey and lemon?"

"No, I want to try it on its own first."

It was rather bitter, but Sieg drank it all without batting an eyebrow.

"How is it?"

"Delicious."

"Really?"

"Aa. Of course, it tastes a little bitter, but there's also the sweet flavour of honey, so it's good."

“I see.”

I’m planning on having other people taste it and make changes to it.

As the two of us were enjoying beer, I noticed a small change in Sieg.

Her face was red, which was a rare thing.

“Huh, could it be, from alcohol?”

“.....Maybe. I feel a little lightheaded.”

Maybe it’s because I drank after a long time, Sieglinde murmured.

Want me lend a shoulder? When I asked so, she gently leaned against me.

“My face is hot.”

“That’s rare.”

When I touched her cheek, it was hot.

“Ritz, your hand is nice and cool.”

While saying that, she entrusted her weight to me.

“.....I feel a little sleepy now.”

“It’s okay if you sleep. I’ll carry you to the bed.”

Drunk Sieg is very cute and I feel happy that she’s relying on me like this.

Crackling sounds of wood burning came from the fireplace.

Before I realised it, Sieg really fell asleep.

Since she always sleeps later and wakes up earlier than me, her sleeping face is valuable.

I enjoyed the quiet night for a while like that.

◇The End◇

Chapter 3 - 『Emmerich David's Sieglinde Observation Diary』

This is a story from more than a decade ago.

Now, Sieglinde is very lady-like next to Ritzhard-kun, but when she used to be a soldier there was a period where she was very rough.

I end shuddering just from recalling those days.

Here I write down the sad recollection of her youth.



I'm going to my family's place on the weekend. Having come back after saying that, Sieglinde had an amazingly sour face.

It seems like there was a big problem at her family's place, but it was no mood for me to listen to it with a light mood.

I thought about telling her to relax her face to begin with, but when I called her the expression that faced me was terrifying so I could only say, "W-Welcome back."

I regretted that I should have warned her about her expression the next day.

When I went to the dining hall, I saw Sieglinde in trouble with a soldier four years her senior, Gottfried Hegel.

He was enraged.

Apparently, he was pleased with Sieglinde's impudent expression, attitude and way of speech.

As for her, she judged that he was treating her like a servant and pointed out that such was against regulations.

Gottfried seemed to have had a bad opinion of Sieglinde who was higher-ranked and so he was enraged more than necessary. It felt as though he would hit her at a moment's notice.

I really need to do something as a friend here, I thought and cut in between them.

With a height just under 190, a body full of muscles, a shaved head and a stern face, Gottfried stared down at me with bloodshot eyes.

I felt like crying, but I told them that fighting would end in disciplinary confinement.

Gottfried then shouted that he won't have peace of mind then.

——Even if you say that, there's no way!

I shouted in my head.

Can you forgive with me with a bar of chocolate, I made a crooked smile as I tried to improve the mood.

To end the stalemate, Sieglinde made a suggestion.

——How about putting in a request for a special training session and have a sparring session.

What is this lady suggesting, I turned around slowly while trembling from fear.

——Hii!!

Seeing her face, I unconsciously let out a scream.

That face was like a ferocious eagle looking at its prey.

Gottfried, possibly because he was affected too, replied that he accepts in a slightly shrill voice.

After our shift was over, Sieglinde and Gottfried's 'special training' was about to begin.

There were many spectators gathering at the training ground.

It looked like there were many new recruits.

If I recall correctly, they were Sieglinde's trainees, weren't they? Maybe they had come to cheer their former instructor on?

Gottfried's underling's were overwhelmingly in the minority. His stern-faced friends looked displeased.

It would be an away game, I thought, but that wasn't so. Time to breath out a sigh—— that's after the training ends safely without injuries.

Sieglinde asked me to be the judge, so I reluctant stood in front of the two.

In the sparring trainings of the army, there are: fighting barehanded, 'hand-to-hand combat', fighting with guns with blades attached, 'bayonet fighting' and fighting with short blades, 'knife fighting', these three kinds.

Sieglinde asked Gottfried to choose. He chose hand-to-hand combat.

Hearing that, I felt relieved.

Since, Sieglinde feels most pride in her barehanded fighting skills.

I've seen her knocking down men larger than Gottfried, many times. Thus, I thought that he will be the loser.

As expected, she did a roundhouse kick aimed for a weak point (※Not between the legs) and easily sent Gottfried flying.

Wah! Came the cheers.

With a composed expression, she announced that training was over and exited the grounds.

I quickly followed after her.

I somehow caught up and invited her out for a drink.

Her expression softened compared when I saw her at the dining hall at lunchtime, but there was no reason to leave this dangerous eagle alone. Having thought that there should be a change of mood, I had mustered up my courage.

I thought that it might be turned down but Sieglinde readily accepted.

We decided to meet at the bar after changing clothes.

I couldn't find Sieglinde immediately.

When I wondered why, the handsome lady was hunted by another lady who was sitting next to her.

She had a long black coat and jammed her hat on so I couldn't notice her at all.

Noticing me, Sieglinde told the lady that she had company and came over to me.

I was glared at by the lady that was doing the hunting.

——No, we're not in that kind of relationship!

It was the first time I entered that bar. *It's a classy store*, I always thought and did not have courage to go in alone.

I excitedly sat down at the counter.

Sieg asked for a drink that had high alcohol content.

A young bartender asked me about my order and I did not have a menu, so I asked for the same thing she ordered.

What should I do, I'm not a good drinker.....

The drinks were prepared.

Sieglinde quickly downed the glass so I drank it down too, but a fiery pain scorched my tongue and throat. What a drink. I felt like complaining.

For the second drink, I requested a sweet drink.

It was a random order, but I was given a lovely pink drink with a cherry floating. That was tasty.

For a while, we drank in silence while munching on side dishes.

In the middle, she spoke up. She told me that she's sorry for making worry.

It appeared that she had noticed my intentions.

While I was at it, I asked what happened at her family's place.

I thought that she might not answer but Sieglinde told me a little.

Her story was very simple.

Her family presented to her portraits for marriage interviews, or so.

Sieglinde turned twenty the next winter.

If it were normal young noble ladies, they would have already have married and have children.

So her family's request is not unreasonable.

However, it wasn't as though I didn't understand how she felt.

She served in the army from when she was thirteen and achieved many military feats. It would be a hard story for Sieglinde to get educated as a lady, marry and make a family.

I thought that her mind must be more conflicted more than I could imagine.

Seeing her profile filled with anger, I couldn't continue questioning her.

Marriage may be the normal, ideal form of happiness. However, it's not necessary for me now, said she.

Her tone was firm.

In that reply, there was something like a rejection for any help from anyone.

Having been a superb soldier from a long time ago, she had earned envy and undue resentment too. Getting promoted faster than others, she must have been lonely.

Around Sieglinde, there was a tall and thick wall.

I thought that she was like an eagle that she did not let her guard down around anyone.

Even in my long friendship, I had not seen her smile brightly.

Isn't she a lonely and poor woman?

Unfortunately, I had no clue how to help her.

I dearly hoped that she would find someone that would be a tree that she could rest upon.



More than a decade passed from that day.

Sieglinde is now——.

The season is early summer.

Thanks to the continued white nights, the village was in a bright mood.

The villagers wait for this season where the sun does not set during winter.

My wife ordered me to take some snacks to the lord's mansion, so I decided to share some of the fish I caught while I was at it.

When I passed the gate and was walking through the garden, there were shadows of two people under a big tree.

That's Ritzhard-kun and Sieglinde!

My eyes met with Ritz-kun's. When I was about to wave in greeting, he put his finger up to his lips.

Looks like he wants me to be quiet.

When I approached gently, Sieglinde was asleep, leaning against Ritzhard-kun's shoulder.

Recalling the past days, I thought that she was in a defenceless state, sleeping in a relaxed state, trusting her partner.

At that moment, I thought about her lonely days in the army.

Sieglinde found a husband who she could wholeheartedly trust and depend on.

Seeing the two of them, my eyes grew teary and I felt like crying.

To the happy couple, I sent my sincerest congratulations.

It's rather late, but congratulations on your marriage, Sieglinde.

The End